The Bee.

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sere's a little tired shoe and a little mus Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, And there on the floor lies a little limp sock, Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock; They are glad, I am sure, after going all day, To rest from the labor and pleasure of play. Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

TICK-TOOK LULLABY.

How quietly sleep comes—count the clock!
Tick-tock, tlok-tock, tick-tock,
Comes in at the door with never a knock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, With no one to greet him, welcomest guests He enters and giveth his dear ones rest, Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock

Perhaps he is near us while we rock, Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, And soon will disclose his wonderful stock, Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock; In exchange for thy store of weariness, His bag of dreams he will leave, I guess, Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,—William S. Lord.

Three o'clock struck and the sentinel on post No. 1 started the eall:
"No. 1, three o'clock, and all's well." A slight pause and No. 2 responded: 'No. 2, three o'clock, and all's well." Then came a long pause.

The sergeant of the guard steppe out of the guardroom and listened.
"The sentinel on No. 3 must be asleep," he remarked. "Bad business for a sentinel guarding the corral." Turning to No. I he commanded:

No. 1 obeyed. No. 2 took it up. But there again it ended. The sergeant turned out a patrol and marched to the corral. As he approached the sentinel's post in the moonlight he saw the figure of No. 8 stretched out on the ground.

"Start the call again."

The position did not look like that of d sleeping man. "Double time!" commanded the sergeant. And the patrol came down the post at a run. As the men came closer to the figure a sight met their eyes that froze the blood in their veins. Lying face down on the sand, his hand still grasping his rifle, was their comrade. stiff and cold in death, an Apache

arrow buried deep in his body. Three sharp crucks of the rifle, the rattle of the long roll of the drum soon brought the startled garrison. Scouts were instantly sent out and the plain thoroughly scoured, but no Indian signs could be found. The next day, with muffled drums,

the members of the garrison followed the body of their comrade to its last resting place. With uncovered heads, sorrowfully and reverently, they listened while the post chaplain read the burial service. The military escort fired three rounds over the grave, and the bugler played the sweetest of all calls, "Taps-lights out-sleep." Naturally a gloom was thrown over the whole post. The soldiers gathered in small

groups and discussed the perplexed question: "How could it have been done?" The moon had been shining brightly, and there was no, cover behind which an Indian could hide. The searching parties came in after fruitless hunts. Night came. There would be no lack of vigilance on the part of the sentinel on post No. 8. The moon was even brighter than on

Each half hour the call of No. 1 was promptly answered by the other sendence deceived the other sentinels and had she works me for the dough.—Phila-Few expected a repetition of the preceding night's attack. Gradually other scalp. the garrison became silent and one by one the lights went out. Morning came and nothing had happened to disturb the peace of the fort.

Several days passed and the post settled down into its old ways, and the memory of the dreadful event was beginning to fade.

fore, completely pierced by an Indian even steel plates are rapidly destroyed. McSwitters-Why don't you go up to The alarm was quickly given, but in | the die plates to last for months withspite of the most careful search no out renewal, trace of the assassin could be found. A horror settled over the post. No one dreaded an enemy they knew and could fight openly, but against such ghostly attacks no one could defend

himself. At officers' call the next morning the affair was earnestly discussed. It ing short of borings will prove the de-was evidently wrong to require a sentinel to walk post in such an exposed and dangerous place, and yet, will polish eve.; better than the genu-with the corral where it was, no one ine wood." ould see how it could be avoided. While discussing the problem as orderly appeared and reported:
"Private Rogers would like to speak

to the commanding officer." The commanding officer went into his private office, and after the interview returned to the room where the officers were assembled. "Young Rogers has asked permission to take charge of post No. 8 at night until he solves the mystery, and I

have granted his request."
The faces of the officers showed

plainly the anxiety they felt. Young Rogers was the son of a brother cap-tain in their regiment, who at that time was stationed in an eastern city on recruiting service. The young man had enlisted aix months previously with the object of morning, and I can't afford to throw a obtaining an officer's commission, quarter into the contribution basket."

which may be won by a worthy and

The young fellow had gained the esteem and respect of everyone by his school. "Do the manly qualities and strict obedience his fond mother. to orders. Many of the officers had known him from his childhood. He had been the playmate of their children and a great favorite with all dear?" Later on many tried to persuade him to withdraw his request.

"Take the post if it falls to your lot.

capable man.

but don't voluifteer," they pleaded. It was no use. The young man and a theory, and if he proved it and discovered the assassin he knew that he

would get his coveted commission. He was excused from all duties during the day, and after nightfall assumed charge of the dreaded post No.

a. Three nights passed without any event. The moon, though on the wane, was still brightenough to allow

Seated on the ground, his back against the corral, his rifle on his knees, he was apparently asleep. Apparently only, for his sharp eyes keenly watched every point of the plain. He knew that he had a tricky, shrewd, but at the same time bold, every in that wily Apache. He felt sure that the Indian, especially in the second Herald, recently held its annual meet ease, had not crept upon his victim uning a report of which is given in that ome disguise which had completely

deceived the sentinel. What was this linguise? betray himself if he thought me asleep than he would if he saw I was watch-

Rogers' first impulse was to call the dog, when he remembered his resolution—"shoot any moving object that comes within range." He therefore re-strained his impulse, and no one would have guessed that the apparently sleeping sentinel was closely watching every movement as the dog ap-

It was a lucky idea of Rogers' to feign sleep, for as the dog came nearer he thought he noticed something



PIERCED BY AN INDIAN ARROW. peculiar in its appearance, and its ac-

ns did not seem quite natural. ed from hunger, or it may be the deceptive light of the moon," thought Rogers. The dog was now within range, and he could hesitate no longer. "It's a matter of life and death," he everyone, even Corporal himself, will skeleton kicked on it."-St. Louis Post-

death wound can give-startled the troit Free Press. whole garrison.

As if by magic everyone collected on chicken salad binding?" asked the whole garrison.

forgive me.

The story was soon told. The skin of the preceding night, and the objects on the plain could be seen almost as had been led to betray himself and Jobly—No; but he's got a party ing for him. It's this way. H third intended victim. Deceived by sauce."-Boston Saturday Gazette. had met a most merited death. Un- ing for him. It's this way. He goes

very nearly succeeded in adding an- delphia Inquirer. Young Rogers was overwhelmed was at once made to the war department, and before long he received as a heads. Miss Blunt-Er-have you ever reward his much-coveted commission. thought of becoming a professional humorist?—Buffalo Courier.

Postage Stamp Perforation. den behind a cloud, auddenly burst eighty million holes are punched per unlucky number."—Harper's Bazar. day the wear on the die plate is excess—McSwatters—I wish I could get The use of aluminium bronze has caused

"Treated birch," says a Philadelphia builder, "becomes mahogany of rare beauty, and 'soaked' maple goes into all 'ebony' pianos now. So cleverly is the 'fake' wood 'weighted' that noth-

He-I've a good mind to steal a kiss from you by surprise.
She—I don't want you to do anything of the sort. He-Why not? No guilt would attach to you. You would only be an accessory after the act.

She—Thank you. But if I'd got to be

an accessory at all, I'd rather be one

Wanted to Participate

during the act.-Brooklyn Life. On the Score of Economy. "I don't often buy things Sunday." he said, as he came out of the drug store and carefully stowed away in an upper pocket of his vest a fifteen-cent cigar, "but I hadn't anything smaller than a quarter in my pocketbook this quarter into the contribution basket."
—Chicago Tribune.

Boarding-School Fare-Charlie was home from boarding school. "Do they feed you well?" said "Naw, they don't," responded the

youth. "What kind of meals do you get,

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL -North Carolina has more Baptist

missionaries in foreign fields than any other southern state. -A singular war has sprung up in a Presbyterian church in New Albany, Dr. Hutchinson has been in charge of the church for about fifty years, and as there is every chance that he will end his life in its service the con-Rogers to see any moving object on gregation wishes to give him and his wife a life lease on the parsonage. this the deacons have objected, claiming that there is no warrant for the setion of the congregation. As the mem-

bers remain firm in their purpose the

deacons have no alternative save to resign -The Wesleyan association, which is responsible for the publication of Zion's observed. He must have employed paper. It appears that the smallest receipts for subscriptions for any one of the six years of Editor Parkhurst's service are \$1,731 in excess of the larg-"That Apache would be more apt to est year's receipts during the previous six years; and the total of the six years of the present administration is \$19.619 more than the total in the six preceding him," was his sound argument. More than the total in the six preceding years, or an average increase of

only the moon only the moon only the moon only the moon of the cers, soldiers and their families were peacefully sleeping. Not a sound was heard except the occasional cry of a coyote.

Corporal was a fine, large Newfounding Almighty and providential direction to buy the medicine. You may be sure then that whatever other effect the remely has had it has either weak-coyote. ened or has not improved the condition of the nerve cells upon which sound

judgment depends. A Japanese Buddhist bishop is in San Francisco for the purpose of prop-acting Buddhism in this country. He will establish a temple with a corps of attendants in San Francisco. si mary work will not be ignored, but the special object of the bishop will be to prevent Japanese residents in this country from drifting into strange faiths. The bishop is particularly severe upon Christianity, belief in which he regards as no honor. This is an unplea-ant commentary on Christian mis sionaries in Japan. They should at least have inspired respect for their religion. But the bishop is only one person, and he probably does not peak with a great amount of impartinlity.

-Dr. George D. Dowkontt, the founder and director of the Training College for Medical Missionaries in New York, has received letters from Drs. Vinton and Hall, two of his former students, who are now laboring in Corea. They report that the war has seriously interfered with their work, but has opened new doors of usefulness. They believe that the issue of the confliet will be to enlarge their opportunities of preaching and healing the sick. scribing the great battle of Ping Yang. say that Dr. Hall and two companions were the first white men to venture on the battlefield after the conflict was "Possibly Corporal may be exhaust over to attend to the wounded soldiers

WIT AND WISDOM. -"The Dixes had to give up their flat; there was no closet." "They had reflected, "and if I make a mistake a wardrobe." "Yes, but the family

Dispatch. Slowly and imperceptibly he brought -He-"I never smoke a cigarete withhis rifle to his shoulder, a short but out thinking what a fool I am." Shetrue alm, a crack and a yell—such as "I didn't know before that there was only an Apache who has received his any virtue in cigaretes at all."-De-

the spot, each as he approached evi- cheerful idiot. "What do you mean?" dently expecting to see a repetition of asked the astonished bookseller. "Half ealf."-Indianapolis Journal. -"You're impertinent, sir!" "But poor Corporal had been used as a dis-guise by the Apache, who, with a bow in twice as insolent as I am?" "Of course you never say that to Bobkers, who is hand, had been creeping up on his not. I can stand insolence with brain -Wobly-Is your son working now

-DeSappy-This-aw-account how pwofessional humorists work says with congratulations, a special report | they-aw-fwequently sid down on their desks without an-aw-idea in their

-Jorkins-"Say, old man, can you let me-" Perkins-"Hold on, my boy! The officer of the day was making the inspection of sentinels after midthe inspection of sentinels after mid-night, and was approaching post No. A, when the moon, which had been hid-needles. As about one hundred and men already to-day, and thirteen is an -McSwatters-I wish I could get out officer the body of the sentinel as be- sive; brass plates wear out in a day, and of paying Dobson that \$10 I owe him. him with a roll of bills in your hand and say: "Dobson, here's that fifty l borrowed of you?" McSwatters-But

I only borrowed ten! McSwitters-

That's all right. The object is to kill Dobson by the shock, and the \$10 is yours. - Syracuse Post. -We give below a few gems culled from the works of Ponson du Terrall: "Her hand was cold like that of a ser pent." "The countess was about to reply when a door opened and closed her mouth." "'Ha, ha!' he exclaimed in Portuguese." "The colonel paced backward and forward with his hands behind his back reading the newspa per." "At this sight the Negro's face grew dreadfully pale."-Le l'igaro.

- 'Will you have a cigar?" asked the man of the house. "These are some my wife gave me for a Christmas prescat. Help yourselves—let me give you a light." Every man present declared he had sworn off smoking. "Why did you tell a lie about those cigars, John?" asked the wife after the gentlemen had gone. "You know I didn't give them to you for a Christmas present." just keep quiet, Mary. That box of cigars cost twenty-five dollars. I can't afford to give any of them away."-N. Y. Pross.

Tawker-I wish I knew of an appre priate name for my baby. Lane-Why don't you call her Calli ope?-Brooklyn Life. He Wanted to Know. Jones-What did you mean by giving

Brown-What's wrong with 117

me that eigar?

"Nothing."-Life.

An Experienced Parson Groom-How much do I owe you? Clergyman-Um-er-whatever you think your wife is worth.-Demorest's

Realism to Art. Mrs. Beauart-Why did you have the face of that Venus tiuted with red, Mrs

Mrs. Parvenco-I thought no woman could help blushin' who didn't have or no more clothes than she has!-Puck.

Spencer-It's all nonsense saying that if you wink at the girl who runs the soda fountain she'll put a stick in your

drink

Ferguson—Did you try it? Spencer—I did. I got the stick, but not in my drink.—N., Y. World.

The Very Last.

They sat in the twilight and talked of the past. "Hiram," she was saying, "just

twenty years ago to night i first be-came aware that you had kindled a flame in my heart." "Yes, Anastasia." "That," she mused, reflectively, "was about the last kindling I know of your

doing, Hiram." He did not speak for a long time. When he did it was concerning some thing else, -Detroit Tribune.

when suddenly he caught sight of a moving object on the plain some distance away. Noiselessly he cocked his triffe. He was adend shot, and woo be to that object when he fired. Nearer and nearer it came while he sat as if asleep.

"Why, it is Corporal!" he suddenly fatal diseases, and all the more so if the fort as only the moon lizona can illuminate. The officient of the suddenly of the suddenly fatal diseases, and all the more so if the testimonial contains reference to the suddenly fatal diseases. The officient of a ministerial testimonial to the hotel-dist) and catch his train. "When," he exclaimed, "I've forgotten something! Here, boy, run up to my room, and the fort as only the moon lizona can illuminate. The officient of the caught sight of a moving object on the plain some dist and substitute and s away. In four minutes he returned, out of breath. "Yes, sir," he panted; "you left them."—Demorest's Maga-

The Boarding-House Turkey. "Is the fuse laid?" inquired the landlady of the head waiter. "It is, madam."

"But the turkey is still whole." "Yes, madam, the powder had no effect on it." "Then send for some dynamite, and tell the boarders the turkey is so ten-der it takes time to carve it."—Detrois

"Then fire it."

coming out, they would often put what they have to say in different words. A lady had been looking for a friend for a long time without success. Finally she came upon her in an unex-"Well," she exclaimed, "I've been on

Who Was the Goose?

If, before beginning a sentence, peo-ple would stop to see just how they are

a perfect wild goose chase all day long; but thank goodness, I've found you at Willie-Papa, will you tell me

Papa—Yes. What shall it be?
Willie—Oh, tell me that story over again about when you was fishing up Mother (calling from next room)— Willie, come out here this instant! Don't you know your papa joined the church last week on probation?—Judge.

A Cruel World. "Mamma, if I don't marry anybody, shall I be an old maid like Aunt Tabitha?" Mamma-Yes, dear.

Effle-And if I marry shall I marry

somebody like papa?

Mamma—Yes, darling.

Effle (after a pause)—Well, it is a hard world for us women.—Pall Mall He-I know my income is small, but

ion't you think we could get along?

She-I'm afraid not, He-You told me that you went to a cooking school. She-Yes, but they did not teach me now to make wind pudding .- N. Y.

Much Relieved.

Mrs. Binks (house hunting)-I hope

Weekly.

there are no screeching poll-parrots in this neighborhood. Agent-Not one, madam Mrs. Bink (with a sigh of relief)-I am glad of that, because we have two, and I really couldn't stand any more .-N. Y. Weekly.

Bright Times.

This old world's bright enough for all Through all the days and nights: For when the sun goes down the west, Shine the electric lights.

—Atlanta Constitution JUST BEFORE THE PEAST.

Great Scott! here is luck. A living picture just to fit my frame.-Truth.

She—How did she prevent it? He—She spent it herself.—Tit-Bits.

A Cynic's Suggestion.

"If you want to win a reputation as

a brilliant conversationalist," says my cynical friend, "always let a man talk of himself. Always talk to a woman of herself."Washington Post.

No wontier a woman thinks herself good enough to ent when her complex-ion is flour and her diamonds paste. -Boston Transcript. Meant It.

"Write me as one who loves my follow-man."
The angel heard a gracious maiden say:
To show herself almore she utraight began
And went that night bareheaded to the play
—Washington Stag.

Wife-John, I wish you'd chop some wood for the fire. Husband-Can't; my arm's lame. Son (ten minutes later)—Say, pa, we can't go fishing to-day; the pond's covered with ice. Father-Well, we can chop a hole in it, can't we?-Judge. She Got Ahead of Him. He-Higbee would have run through his fortune in a year if it hadn't been for his wife.